



BEWARE!

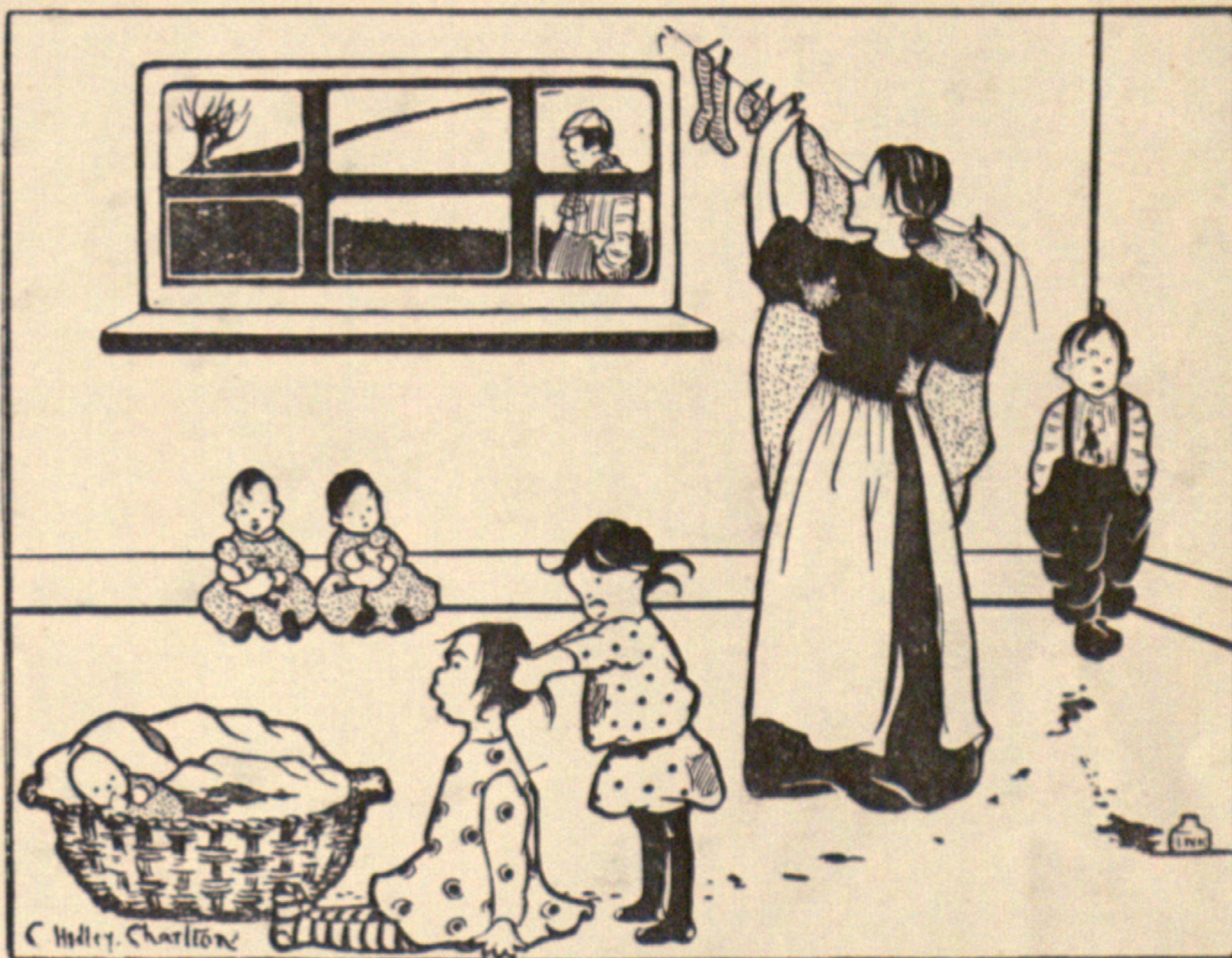
**A WARNING -
TO SUFFRAGISTS.**

BY **SIGBEY HAMILTON.**

WITH SKETCHES BY

**H. LOWNDEN . .
D. MEESON COATES . .
C. HEDLEY CHARLTON .**

C. HEDLEY CHARLTON.



This is the cosy
Little home,
Whence no nice woman
Wants to roam.
She shuts the doors
And windows tight,
And never stirs
From morn to night.



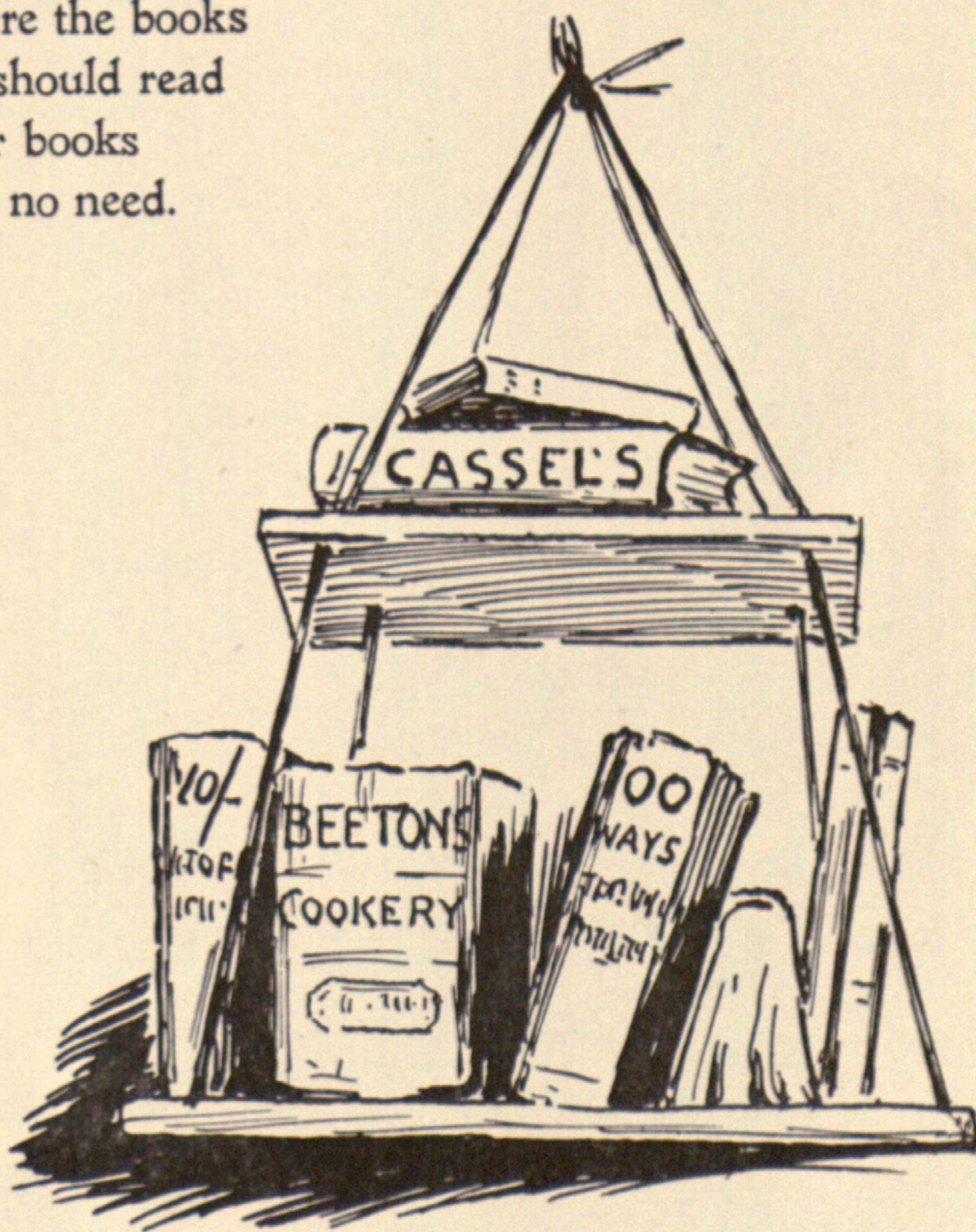
With pots and pans
She spends her life—
Who would not be
A happy wife?



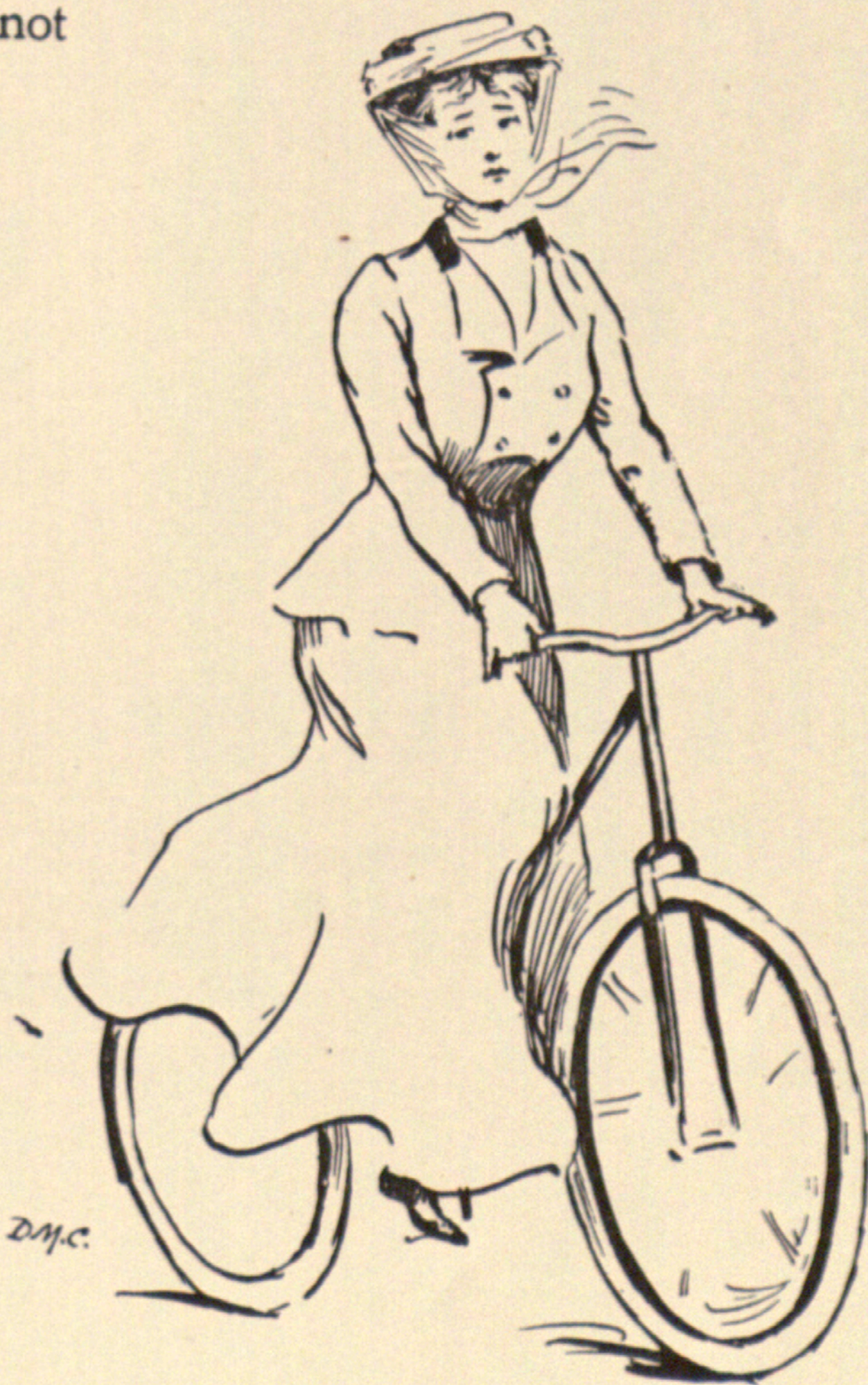
This is the wife
All men would like
She never thinks
Nor rides a bike.

She cooks and cooks—
And all the while
She looks quite sweet,
Observe her smile!

These are the books
A wife should read
Of other books
She has no need.



Now turn your eyes
Another way.
A sadder picture
I'll display—
The female who
Is so depraved
She says she will not
Be enslaved.



Who thinks because
She earns her bread
By working with
Her hands or head,
She ought to have
Her little say
In making laws
She must obey.



Now here are some
Who want their rights
You see they all
Are perfect frights!
Their feet are huge,
Their stockings blue—
The Press says so:
It must be True.





(Much more like this
They seem to me—

But then reporters
Too can see.)

Here's one who's talking
To a crowd,
And talking to them
Very loud.
The crowd they jeer
And all make game;
She goes on talking
Just the same.



Then, bolder grown,
She waves her gamp
And strides along
With martial tramp;
She strides along
So very fast
That Palace Yard
She gains at last.





This man who runs
Is Jones, M.P.
He runs like mad,
As you can see,
Off flies his hat,
Out flies his coat —
He sees the woman
Who wants a vote.

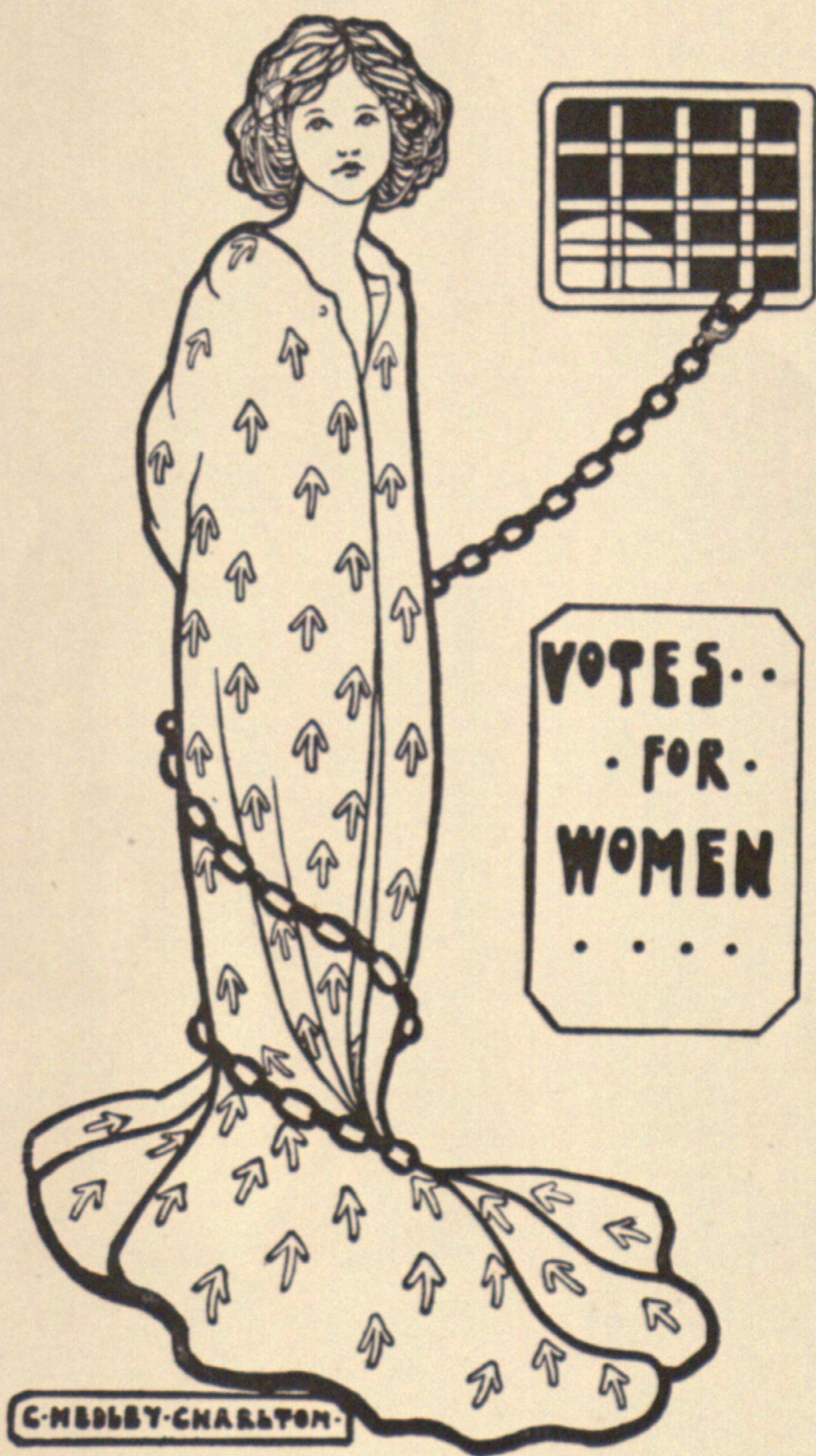


But five policemen
Now have met
The ramping, tearing
Suffragette.
They do not faint,
Nor yet turn pale ;
But grab and haul her
Off to jail.

Now in a cell
She sits and pines
And off thin skilly
Daily dines;
But still repeats,
As if by rote
"I want—I want—
I want a vote."

THE . . . SUFFRAGIST.





MORAL.

Take warning by
Her awful end.
And don't to poli-
Tics attend.
Don't earn your living—
If you can,
Have it earned for you
By a man.
Then sit at home
From morn till night,
And cook and cook
With all your might.

It may be slow—
But you can say,
"It's just as slow
In Holloway."

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